

Little Orphant Annie

by
James Whitcomb Riley

With All Faith and Affection

*To all the little children:—The happy ones; and sad ones;
The sober and the silent ones; the boisterous and the glad ones;
The good ones—Yes, the good ones, too; and all the lovely bad ones.*

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper-things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Wunst they wuz a little boy wouldn't say his prayers,
An' when he went to bed at night, away up-stairs,
His Mammy heerd him holler, an' his Daddy herd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wuzn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an press,
An' seeked him up the chimbley-flue, an' ever'-wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found wuz thist his pants an' roundabout:
An' the Gobble-uns "Il git you

Ef you
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An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an'-kin;
An' wunst, when they was "company," an' ole folks wuz there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They wuz two great big Black Tings a standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the cellin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Bobble-uns 'Il git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind foes *woo-oo!*
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,
You better mind yer parunts, an' yer teachurs fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'Il git you

Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!